

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. }
VOL. XXIV. }

APRIL, 1873.

{ NEW SERIES.
{ VOL. II. No. 4



TRADERS IN THE TEMPLE.

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Continued from page 36.)

CHAPTER III.—*Little Sorrows.*



ASTER TANZER had scarcely left the house when the landlord entered. His forehead was gathered into a frown, and with these hard words he addressed Mrs.

Tuba: "How can you send such a man to scold me as the potter? Did I urge you to take these rooms? If they're not comfortable enough for you, you can leave; I've only to put up my sign and plenty of tenants will flock in. The stove has done good service for thirty years, and I'm not going to buy a new one for you. It's a favor that I rent you the room for twelve dollars, when I've always got sixteen for it."

Raphael slipped behind the bed as he heard these angry words and Magdalene trembled; but the mother said beseechingly, stretching her thin hands out on the bed,—

"Ah, Mr. Duller, I am quite innocent of this misunderstanding. It has not entered into my thoughts to make complaints about my dwelling. I know too well that poor people can't expect to live like lords. Master Tanzer may indeed be accustomed to better stoves because he makes them himself, but I am contented when it does not fall upon us."

These words mollified the landlord somewhat. "If that is so," he said, "I'd thank him to let affairs alone that don't concern him. He gave me a long sermon about your poverty and my duty to help a poor family. He is going to make arrangements for you to receive charity; so, just fix yourself for a visit from a charity distributor.

You are all right except that the bird there ought not to be seen, or you'll get nothing; now, you know I've taken a fancy to that bird. He sings very finely, eh? I'll give you six pennies for it. I'll pay immediately, and you'll be rid of a great eater."

Poor Raphael could restrain his grief no longer. He sobbed aloud and the tears sprang to Magdalene's eyes. The landlord reached up to take down the cage, as if the purchase were already completed; when the mother, moved by the sorrow of her blind child, said in a firm voice, "No, Mr. Daller, I will not sell the bird: he is the only joy of my poor Raphael. Do you realize what it is to be blind, to be able to see nothing of God's beautiful world? All the creation, all the kingdom of nature, belong to those that see; but the blind have only the pleasures of touch and taste and sound. I can give my poor boy but little, I can only rejoice his heart by the song of his little bird, which, besides, calls us up to our work in summer and turns our thoughts to God. Comfort yourself, my little Raphael," said the mother, turning towards the sobbing child, "I will not sell your favorite."

"Just as you like," said the landlord vexed, "my meaning was good. But you'll not get help under such circumstances;" and, talking to himself, he left the room.

As he had predicted so it happened. A few hours after his departure a man came, who introduced himself as the agent for the distribution of charity for that district. He found the family surely in most straitened circumstances; but nevertheless, the bird was a stumbling-block to him. "He could not," he said, "give the money which the city appropriated to the use of poor families, for buying bird feed." All he could do was this: he could put Magdalene in the free school, and provide her with books. She had not been to school since her father's death,

because her mother could not eke out the necessary money. Thereupon, this proposition of the friendly agent was very acceptable, and they both thanked him heartily for it.

From this time Magdalene attended school, and in the afternoons, after lessons were over, she worked at Mr. Tanzer's.

Christmas approached, and with it the rent day. The continued illness of Mrs. Tuba prevented much steady work. What Magdalene earned was scarcely sufficient to support the little family. In winter, too, the outlay was greater than in summer, when the heat spared fuel. Let us always remember that the joyous festival of Christmas is often for the poor the time of the greatest trial and anxiety. So it was with Mrs. Tuba. She feared, and not without reason, that her hard-hearted landlord would have no patience about his rent money, if they were not punctual in paying it. Magdalene, the good daughter, exerted herself to the utmost to lift the load of care from her mother's heart.

Master Tanzer was arranging a great quantity of china wares; and as children love bright flowers, Magdalene had her hands full in painting the cups and saucers in the gayest patterns. She intended by extra industry to raise money enough to pay the rent, and provide a little gift for her mother. In order to do this she needed the forenoons. She believed that her absence from school would be readily pardoned by the teacher—although in the school they were very strict and the presence of the scholars was compulsory—because she had never been absent a day before. But she made one misstep. She concluded to defer explaining her necessary absence to the teacher till her work should be done.

And this misstep produced great misfortunes and experiences as we shall see.

CHAPTER IV.—*Christmas Gifts.*

The day before Christmas had arrived, and Magdalene's work was finished. Mr. Tanzer had promised to pay her on Christmas eve. The good man had the intention of adding to this a present for her, and he had invited her to his house on that evening.

Every year the most industrious and best behaved children were picked out of all the free schools of the city, and valuable presents awarded them in a large Hall. It was the custom for the children to march to this Hall in a grand procession, and carrying a large banner, on which were inscribed these words of the Saviour: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me;" and the joy of the children at receiving their gifts awakened in the hearts of the donors a deep and tender pleasure, and verified the proverb, "It is better to give than to receive."

To-day, the day before Christmas, this festival was to take place. Magdalene knew this; she was not, it is true, among the number of children to receive gifts, because she had been only a few months in the school, but she felt neither pain nor envy. The teacher had praised her and promised her a like reward if her industry continued through the coming year. But to see the happy spectacle even from a distance was her one wish.

"Come, my Raphael," she said on the afternoon of the day, "we'll go to the market-place and see the Presentation. Come, it isn't healthy for you always to sit indoors; and even if you can't see, you can hear the ringing of the sleigh bells and the cracking of the whips, the singing of the scholars, and the band-organs. And then I'll describe every thing to you, what's pretty to buy in the shop windows; about the windmill that turns round when one pours water on the top; about the gay pyramids, and the men and

horses made out of gingerbread, and all such things. Come, my Raphael."

The mother urged him too, and at last the little blind boy slipped his hand into his sister's and left the house with her.

The fresh, cold air brightened and reddened his pale cheeks; the joyous life around him revived his drooping spirits, and a happy smile played around his beautiful mouth. So he wandered through the market-place, listening full of silent joy to the explanations of his sister. At last they turned their steps towards the Hall. Already the long line of children was approaching, each class led by its teacher. Their faces glowed with joy. Those from Magdalene's school passed them too, and one of the little girls slipped from the ranks and whispered to her, "O Magdalene, is it true that you have wilfully played truant for three days? An apprentice came and told the master, and he's right vexed about it."

Magdalene was about to excuse herself but the child was already gone. Pain shot through her heart. Who could have misrepresented her so. What enemy had she? She could think of none. Longingly she looked up at the high windows where the lights of the Christmas tree began to shine out into the night. Crowds of people hurried towards the Hall, and the children were soon pushed back. A fruit woman noticed them shivering in the cold.

"You are most frozen," she said. "Why aren't you at the Presentation? Has the little boy no warm mittens? Come here, my child, and warm your hands by my stove." Magdalene was glad to accept this invitation. She led her brother towards the fruit woman and guided his hands near the stove. The woman noticed this. "Doesn't the little one see well?" she asked.

"Not at all," said Magdalene, "he is blind."

The woman started.

"You poor child," she exclaimed, and began searching for some little thing for him.

"There," she said, as she put a hot baked apple into his hand, "that'll keep off hunger and cold for a little while."

It was already dark. Brighter and brighter blazed the wax candles on the Christmas tree. The beautiful music of a choral floated out on the winter air. Forgotten by Raphael were cold and hunger. As the sunflower turns to the sun, he raised his face to catch the heavenly sounds, and the blind eyes sparkled in the reflection of the festive lights. And as the hundred of children's voices rose, first softly and then loudly, accompanied by the full organ in one grand hymn of praise to God, who had bestowed such joy upon men through his Son, then tears of rapture filled the eyes of the poor blind boy.

"Hark!" he said softly, as if he would not disturb the singing. "Hark! Magdalene, the heaven is open, and the lovely angels are singing their hallelujah! Oh, if I could only fly away now,— up, up, far over the earth!"

"And leave mother and me down here alone?" asked Magdalene sadly.

"Oh, no, no," said Raphael, "I'd fly back and forth."

"And what would become of your birdie Hans?"

"Ah, you are right, Magdalene," he said, "don't be afraid. I'll not fly away."

"Come," said Magdalene smiling, "mother will be worried if we stay any longer. As soon as the children have done singing, we must go home."

They told their mother every thing, and Raphael fell asleep thinking of angels, and that he could fly; and in his sleep a happy smile still lingered round his little mouth.

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER IX.

TOPSHAM, November, 1868.

DEAR MADGE, — Thanksgiving seems to have made aunt pleasanter; nothing could make grandma. Mother says we must think of the meaning of the day, — that it means to give God thanks for all our blessings for the whole year. She says we are so full of thinking of pies and christening our new gowns, that we forget all that.

Mother cried when she opened the box. Isn't it strange, Madge, how grown-up people cry when they're pleased? There was Mr. Place over Ned's being better, and mother over the box. We laugh when we're glad. Mother said your father was a brother to her; she didn't miss a real one. And he was a brother to Ned's father.

Did you eat citron as you sliced it? I did so like to hear about Ned's frosted cake. Could he eat it with a headache? Didn't Ping Wing pout when you ate her loaf?

Mother was just saying she would have a mince pie for Thanksgiving, when Mrs. Ashby came to ask us to dine with her. How I hoped mother'd refuse! But after Mrs. Ashby teased and depended on Baby and Biddy, mother said "yea."

I was afraid of the Ashby boys, home for vacation, for me and for Slater. They stick Jemima into cherry-trees, and hold her by the hair of her head. But Slater was too nervous to stay alone, so I hid her under my sack (mother said it looked like carrying my dinner, having such a bundle under my arm), and when I was safe in Lyddy's room, climbed, and hid her on the upper shelf.

Baby looked perfectly lovely, only mother

stopped Biddy's curling his hair in a sausage on the top of his head. He jumped with delight as we put on his cloak; and never quarrelled once with the Ashby baby.

My plaid gown was a tight fit for Biddy; but she looked less like herself, for her hair staid down better. Mother had to speak sharply to get her to dinner in the Ashby kitchen.

Lyddy's brothers foot-balled till dinner, looked in their plates at dinner, and foot-balled after it. I was so frightened, there was so much dinner, and the waiting girl looking at me, that I said "side bone" when Mr. Ashby asked me whether I'd have brown meat or white. And mother told me after we got home, I must not ask for that piece again, for it was hard to carve; and Mr. Ashby did grow red in the face.

Lyddy gobbled; and after dinner lay down, with a pale face. She asked me to hold her hand, which made me feel silly, but when I drew my hand away she opened her eyes. How much better time I might have had with Slater at home; and worlds better with you and grandma! But, as mother said before we went, "The longest day comes to an end;" and dark as our house looked, for Bridget had gone home, I jumped, I was so glad to get back. Mother lighted the fire, and we sat down in our dear little parlor, where I wanted to hug the chairs and tables, and kiss the pictures, they looked so friendly-like when the fire-light danced on them. Lyddy Ashby's parlor is big, and the furnace heats the whole house; but I feel strange and lonely in it, just as if I'd got lost, and missed something. And mother and I had such a cosey talk, and I leaned up against her, and she folded her little tired hands, and once she stroked my brow, which made me happy; and we talked of what you were all doing then, and how, sometime, we should be all together in our Father's house; and then

mother and I sang a little hymn gently, so as not to wake Biddy and brother.

For I think, Madge, of calling Baby brother, when he's older. As for our telling him stories, *you* may be able to, but I don't know one. Grandma knows the nicest. But people were queerer when she was a child. As for those Esquimaux, I'd rather dine at the Ashbys than with them, for they're not neat. I shouldn't mind the great cold in which they live; for the colder it is, the more I feel like jumping in the air. Mother says it's true soldiers have eaten shoes when they were starving.

As for grandma's ever being a witch, even of sand, that is impossible. For, as mother says, she's the good fairy of the family, showering gifts, not of money, because she's poor, but smiles and kindness.

I wish Ned had waked up with rosy cheeks Thanksgiving, just to show his parents how he'd look if he were healthy; but then they might have missed their pale boy.

The Ashby house is so near ours that I smelt but one turkey on my way. Somehow I can't think of grandma as little Peggy, with a crop of thick hair. Why didn't she tell us before of her cousins? I like the girls at my school. How are yours, — silly? If I were to hire out, I should like to go as cook; but mother says people can't live on ginger snaps or paste biscuits. Wasn't grandma a queen not to scold when you and I wasted all that flour in making the biscuits? because we didn't put in any water; only butter.

If you'll believe it, just as I'm at the end of the paper, Slater insists on writing to Ping Wing. I've put her off till to-morrow, so your child will hear from her by the end of the week.

I love you a bushel.

LOU HAZELTINE.

EASTER SERVICE.

INTRODUCTORY.

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.

HYMN.

Glorious in its heavenly beauty
Comes this blessed Easter time,
Fraught with memories pure and holy,
Of an earthly life sublime;
Mutely breathing
On our souls a peace divine.

Angel voices to the women,
Bending sadly o'er that tomb,
Sweetly said, "Your Lord is risen;
Weep not, for he bids you come.
Ye shall find him,
Never more to be withdrawn."

And to-day he stands before us,
Gently calling each by name;
Joyful turn we from the darkness,
Yielding to the tender claim;
Cry, "Rabboni!
Jesus, Master, we are thine."

Thine to-day and thine for ever,
Thou shalt never pass from sight;
For, the strife and victory over,
In thy presence is no night:
Thou hast triumphed,
Lord of life, and love, and light.

SCRIPTURE READING.

Supt.—And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock.

School.—And he rolled a great stone to the door and departed.

S.—And Pilate said unto the chief priests and Pharisees, Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can.

Sch.—So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting the watch.

S.—In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

Sch.—And behold there was a great earthquake; for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door.

S.—His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

Sch.—And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

S.—And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.

Sch.—He is not here; for he is risen as he said.

S.—Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

Sch.—And go quickly and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead.

S.—But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

Sch.—For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

S.—As in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

Sch.—Jesus said unto her I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

PRAYER.

Almighty God! Our Heavenly Father!
We thank thee that in love for thy children,
Thou didst send to them Jesus, thy Son,
To make them conscious of thy nearness,

To deliver them from their sins,
And show them the way to heaven.

We thank thee, O, our Father,
That when crucified by wicked men,
Death had no power to hold him;
That for ever has been rolled away
The great stone that closed the tomb's portal;
So that now we can see angel forms
In the holy light beyond,
And have always within our souls
The hope of a blessed immortality.

And now, Father, we beseech thee,
In the name of our risen Lord,
To be still gracious unto us;
To pardon the errors of our past lives;
To bless us with thy love;
To open our hearts to the influences
Of thy ever-present Spirit;
That the ministry of Jesus,
And all the revealings of thyself,
May quicken our spiritual natures,
And give us part in the resurrection of life.

AMEN.

HYMN.

"Mary!" said the risen Jesus,
In the morning twilight dim:
Through the shadows and the weeping
Mary knew and knelt to him;
Gone that long night's hopeless anguish,
Gone the waking hour's fresh pain;
All her soul one gush of gladness,
Clasping those dear feet again.

Not alone to weeping Mary,
Prostrate by the empty tomb,
Speaks the tender voice of Jesus:
Where'er hovers earthly gloom,
Where'er human hearts are aching,
Lone in grief, or low in sin,
There those thrilling tones are pleading,
If the soul will take them in.

Not alone to sorrowing women,
Not alone to stricken men,
Come the risen Saviour's accents,
Bringing light and joy again;

To the weary little children,
Worn with toil or tired with play,
To the tempted little children,
Wandering from the heavenly way.

To the orphan, to the homeless,
By the dearest household name,
Speaks the loving, living Saviour,
With affection still the same.
Know and kneel in love before him,
Little children sad or gay;
To a purer life he calls you,
Dawning with this Easter Day.

Addresses or the class exercises may follow. The hymn and tune given in the February number can then be used, or the following from the "Service Book."

HYMN.

Joyfully, joyfully, lift the glad voice,
Jesus has risen! ye children, rejoice!
Scatt'ring the clouds of the grave's cheerless night,
Sun of our souls! now he beams on our sight.
Vanish at once all the doubt and the fear;
Jesus has passed through the valley so drear.
Light from his presence illumines the way.
Joyfully, joyfully, sing we to-day!
We, like our Saviour, o'er death may prevail;
He is our guardian, our strength shall not fail;
We, too, may triumph o'er sorrow and pain,
Rising with him in his glory to reign.
Hail, then, the morn of this glorious day!
Angels and spirits are joining our lay.
Jesus has risen! he lives evermore!
Joyfully, joyfully, sing and adore!

CLOSING PRAYER.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the lesson this day has taught us; we thank thee for the happy thoughts and joyful hopes it has awakened. May the truth it proclaims be in us a rising to a better and sweeter life; a life more loving and true towards thee, more kind and helpful to all about us, more worthy the high destiny before us. AMEN.

BENEDICTION.

May the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in every good word and work. AMEN.

For The Dayspring.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

BY F. W. WEBBER.

Two little birds within one little nest,
The mother-bird away,
Pecked at each other's head and back and breast.
Perhaps they were at play.
Indeed, I hope they quarrelled but in jest,
That sunny summer day,
And did not really wish to hurt each other, —
Those two wee birds, both children of one mother.

It happened, while these birds were playing so,
Their mother being gone,
Two little boys — their names I do not know,
But call them George and John —
Close to the nest were creeping, still and slow,
The birds to gaze upon.
And then, the scene with eyes wide open viewing,
Said little John, "What are the birdies doing?"

His brother, I am sorry to confess,
Was one who chanced to be
Inclined to quarrel sometimes, more or less,
Though not with John; and he
To Johnnie's question gave reply, "I guess
The birdies don't agree.
They're angry, very angry, and 'tis passion
That makes them treat each other in this fashion."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the younger, with surprise
That George should tell him this;
(In love's sweet law the child was learned and wise,
And thought it were amiss
For anger between brothers to arise).

"They only play and kiss,"
Said he; "they do not quarrel, brother,
For brothers never quarrel with each other."
Srow, Mass.

THE SNOW-DROP.

"THE snow-drop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguered brethren:" suppliantly
It prays stern Winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won
A smile of promise from its plying face,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host."



ON THE WAY TO THE PASSOVER.

OUR PICTURES.

We have given in the "Dayspring" several pictures which were copied from Godefroy Durand's illustrations, in Renan's "Life of Jesus." Those illustrations have undoubtedly come from a careful study of eastern life; and on the whole, give a very fair and correct idea of the scenes depicted.

There are two more of these illustrations in the present number, and others will ap-

pear in future numbers. We want our young readers to look at them very closely, that they may fully understand them and have the idea they suggest impressed upon their minds. They need not be told that the artist does not present portraits of individuals or delineate actual scenes. They know it would be impossible to do either the one or the other, in illustrating what occurred so many years ago. The artist simply makes his picture true to what he knows

must have existed. The individual forms and faces, the groupings and many other things he must imagine. His picture is true in all that is essential, and presents scenes much better than words can describe them.

TRADERS IN THE TEMPLE.

Read John ii. 13-17. This no doubt seems very strange. How could they be selling oxen and doves in the Temple? The picture will help you understand this. Some of you, perhaps all of you, have some idea how the Temple was constructed. First, there were strong walls enclosing eight or more acres of ground. On the inside of these walls were built porticos or cloisters, the roofs of which were supported by long rows of white marble pillars. These cloisters were open on the side towards the Temple. The space in front of them extending a little way towards the Temple was the Court of the Gentiles: so called because it was open to Gentiles, as well as to the Jews. But the Gentiles could never go beyond this court.

Now look at the picture. It represents a part of the western cloister. The wall in the background is a part of the Tower of Antonia, which joined the north-western corner of the Temple enclosure. Front of the cloister is a part of the Court of the Gentiles. The picture only represents that part of the Temple enclosure where the sale of animals for the sacrifices, and the changing of foreign coins for Jewish coins, were supposed to be carried on.

You must imagine yourself in the Court of the Gentiles, looking towards the cloister, and so not seeing the Temple proper. The Jew who stands in the cloister on the left, whose face is so plain to you, is looking towards the Temple.

It was a scene like this, in the western cloister, and its vicinity, which roused the

indignation of Jesus, because he regarded it as a desecration of the Temple.

This picture will give a good idea of the cloisters extending all around the inner side of the outer walls. Each wall, according to Josephus, was about six hundred feet long. The cloister adjoining the southern wall was much the most magnificent. You can imagine how grand it must have looked, — six hundred feet long, one hundred and five feet wide, and one hundred feet high in the centre, with four rows of white marble pillars!

ON THE WAY TO THE PASSOVER.

When Jesus was twelve years old, he went for the first time with his parents to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover. It was a three days' journey, as they travelled in those days, from Nazareth to Jerusalem. The inhabitants of a village generally travelled in company, and were sometimes joined by travellers from other villages on the way.

The picture represents the travelling party, or parties, as having ended one day's journey, and reached the place for the night's encampment. You see the rude inn, or caravanserai, and near it the fountain. In the background several parties have built fires, and are preparing their evening meal. Jesus stands by the mule, listening to the conversation of the men in front of him. His father, Joseph, is taking the bag of provender from the mule's back. His mother has gone up to the fountain with the other women.

BESSIE'S THOUGHT.

BESSIE is a happy little girl eight years old. The other day she was playing about the room, and every few minutes would stop and ask her mother to "write down her thought."

Her mother wrote it down ; and here it is, just as it came from Bes-sie's mind. It is about "Little Daisy" :—

When the day is pleasant,
When the streamlets run,
Then comes little Daisy,
Full of mirth and fun ;
Laughing at the brooklets,
Playing with the flowers, —
That's the way that Daisy spends
Pleasant summer hours.
Tossing up the acorns,
Dabbling in the brook,
Seeing her own rosy face
When she there does look ;
Cheeks as red as roses,
Hair like summer sun,
Eyes as blue as violets,
Hands so full of fun ;
Chasing little field-mice,
Round and round they run, —
That's the way that Daisy plays
In the summer sun.
Tripping over dandelions, —
Oh, she's soiled her hand !
Dips it in the brooklet,
Washes off the sand.
Making feast of acorn cups,
Bringing dillies there, —
That's the way that Daisy plays
In the pleasant air.
Making bed of dandelions,
Playing in the hay, —
That's the way that Daisy plays
The livelong summer day.

"To enjoy life more, strive to enjoy it less.

"THE aim of education should be to make the boy think right and feel right."

MANNERS are but the happy ways of doing things.

For The Dayspring.

TIM AND THE BLIND BOY.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.



TWO little boys sat on the top of a rude board fence that fronted the gable-roofed house of Farmer Clare, in a town in the western part of Massachusetts.

They had but just finished their breakfast, and were out "sunning themselves," as Grandma Clare called it ; though everybody knows none but boys would have desired to do that, for it was the beginning of a broiling hot day in August. They ought to have been only too glad to be in a cool shade. And so Mrs. Clare thought, because she said to her daughter Emily : "Do see those boys perched on that fence ! As if they couldn't perspire enough before they start on their fishing tramp this afternoon without making lightning rods of themselves beforehand. Guess if they had to stand before this blazing brick oven, they wouldn't need to climb up to coax heat."

"Poor little fellows !" answered Emily ; "I don't suppose they know what to do with themselves till that fishing crowd comes to call them. I wish I could think of something to amuse them."

"Emily Jane ! seventeen years old yesterday, and I'll warrant you'd like to be out with those little ten-years' boys ! You didn't put away dolls till you were fifteen, made mud pies till you were nearly twelve, and I do really believe you'd like to fly kites and coast down hill just about as well as our Tim out there !" And the rolling-pin went down with a thump, as though she wished she could mould her into a sober, staid girl

as easily as she was moulding the creamy-looking cookies into birds and leaves.

"But, mother, you know I never had anybody but Tim to play with, and"—

"Yes, yes, Emily. You're just like your father. He'll always be a boy. But I shan't forget how well you tended Tim through the measles, or how faithful you were when father and I took sick with the fever, or how you"—and the good woman dropped her rolling-pin (softly this time) to wipe her tears away with her apron.

Meanwhile the boys on the fence were watching a queerly moving object in the distance.

"Oh, see him stumble! I'll bet he's tipsy!" shouted Tim.

"But doesn't he act strangely with his cane?" questioned Ned.

"Ha! ha! there he tumbles! Why, he's drunk as sure as you live!" But Tim added the last sentence in a sorrowful tone.

"Then let's have some fun!" and away ran Ned toward the strange object.

"Stop, Ned, stop! If that's a drunken man, you *shan't* have fun with him; so, now! I say it's mean to plague a man because he's drunk. Let's go into the barn till he gets by, so he won't see us. Perhaps it will make him feel bad to have us see him."

"A drunken man feel bad! Well, I guess drunken men are never troubled that way. Father says, 'When wine is in, wit is out;' and his wit has gone travelling, sure, by the way he zig-zags along. I believe you're afraid he'll hurt you. *Yes, he shall go in and see his mammy,*" said Ned, in a baby tone. Then, suddenly changing tactics, he added, "Look here, Tim! If you don't go with me to meet that man, you shan't go fishing with our crowd this afternoon; and you know we can't go again for a month, and perhaps more. You'd rather be whipped than miss that treat, I know."

It was true. He had rather take two whippings. The river was five miles off; and Squire Hall in June had promised the boys he would send his team around every fourth Saturday afternoon, and pick up all the boys, and take them to Hall's River where the fishing was "tip-top." But he was only to do it till "Apple-Gathering," so there were but two more Saturdays for them. (You see, the Squire knew how to save his apples by making friends with the boys, didn't he? Dear me! there wasn't one who would have picked up an apple if it had dropped under his feet after such kindness.)

No: he couldn't miss it. So he said, coaxingly, "Well, if you'll promise not to tease him, I'll go."

Ned promised, and away they went. As they neared him they saw he was guiding himself with his cane, and his face was scratched and bleeding as if he had fallen many times. He had a torn straw hat, dirty pants much torn, ragged coat, dirty shirt, and bare, bleeding feet; and they, boy-like, began to show their pity with questions.

"Say, mister, you aren't used to this way, are you? or perhaps you're"—

"Why,—don't you see?—he's blind," whispered Tim.

The boy stood tremblingly, as if waiting for the jeers and rude questions he had heard so long; when Ned said, "Maybe you don't know where you are, sir?"

"No, little fellow," said the traveller, as he reached out to measure the boy's height with his hand, "I don't know; but I've been travelling the same road since daylight if no mischievous boy has told me fibs."

"Well!" said astonished Tim, "I shouldn't think anybody could tell a 'blind man the wrong way; should you, Ned?"

Ned said no, and blushed as he thought how near he came to making sport of him.

"Well, I'm downright sorry you're blind," said Ned.

"And so am I," said the blind boy, his eyes beginning to get full of tears, he was so unused to sympathy; "but say, why didn't you pelt me with stones, call me 'Blind Bat!' 'Ragged Back!' and such names?"

"Why, you're the first blind man we ever saw, and we didn't know that we must," spoke up plain-hearted Tim.

"But you must not," said the traveller; "only that's what I've been getting ever since I started. I suppose I do look sort of scratched, don't I?"

"Well, I guess you do; and I wish you'd tell us how it comes to be so," said curious Ned.

"Well, show me a good place to sit down in, and I'll tell you all about it. That is, if you'll promise not to tell. *I've run away!*"

"Gracious!" said both the boys in concert; and they began to move away, as if they feared him.

"But I'll tell you why I did so. I never should have got away if I hadn't."

"How could you run, if you're blind?" asked Ned.

"Well, I haven't run *much*, that's a fact. But Doctor Form gave me a lift over the first ten miles, and I was going to take the train for the next fifty; but I was told just in time that Mr. Savings was to go on the same train to look me up, so I've walked all the rest of the way,—nearly one hundred miles. I started Tuesday, and haven't slept in any house since I started, for I was afraid. I should not have had to walk so far if all the little boys had been like you; but they have stoned me, and made me walk miles out of my way by telling me wrong. You see I've lived with Mr. Savings ever since I was about seven years old. When I was about ten years old I had the measles, and they left me blind. This made Mr.

Savings angry; because I was bound to him till I was eighteen, and he began to see I was to be of but little use to him. And I wasn't of much use for a while; but he couldn't put me back on the town, so he kicked, scolded, and abused me till I was about thirteen, when I learned to make willow baskets. I could make them very fast, and he sold as fast as I made; till he had gained considerable money, but refused to give me a cent, and hardly gave me clothes enough to keep me warm. For three years I have not missed a day of work except Sundays; but this past year there have been moments that I have caught a glimpse of things around me, and they looked as they used to, though it's only for a moment, and it is all dark again. So Doctor Form says I can be cured if I can only get to that great doctor for the eyes over in Fairtown. He's given me ten dollars; but he's poor, and it's going to take as much as fifty perhaps. But he has written a letter, and if I can only get there,—it's Doctor Fargo, you know."

"Doctor Fargo? Why, yes! he cured grandma's sore eyes, and I know where he lives;" and Tim danced with delight.

"Well, do tell me how to get there."

"But I can't. It's ten miles from here, and there are fields to go over, and *criss-cross roads*, and all sorts; for that's only his summer house in Fairtown. He lives in New York most of the time."

Just then, Squire Hall's Pat shouted from a loaded carriage, "Jump in here, Ned and Tim, lunch and fishing lines!"

"Don't let's go, Ned. Let's go and show this man the way to the doctor's, and see if his eyes can really be cured," whispered Tim.

"Why, you silly goose! I wouldn't walk five miles and back for anybody. Tell him the way; he'll find it. Anyhow, I can't

give up this glorious fish day for anybody; but I'll give him all the money I've got." And out came a bright bill, with a "V" on it.

"Whew! I haven't much money, because, you see, my father isn't a merchant, like yours; so I'll give him my time and that dollar and a half Aunt Louisa gave me for skates."

"Well, good-by!" shouted Ned, as he clambered into the carriage. Ned, like a great many older folks, found it easier to give money than time or labor.

The blind boy followed Tim into the house, where he had a dinner, and was furnished with a decent suit of clothes and with shoes. He then went on with Tim, leaving Emily and Mrs. Clare all tears and sympathy.

And, sure enough, plucky little Tim did find the doctor's house; and told his new acquaintance's story so pitifully, the doctor listened with interest. He examined the boy's eyes, and said they could be cured in about three months; but he must be where he could see him often.

Their courage fell.

"Then I can't be cured unless you will trust me, doctor, for I have but fifteen dollars of my own;" and then he told his own story again.

"But this little fellow here,—can't he stand security?" said the doctor; for he liked the looks of the kind-hearted little boy.

"Security?" said Tim, slowly. "That means promise you money, doesn't it?"

"Certainly," gravely answered the doctor, who was trying the little fellow.

Tim thought a moment; then brightened up. "How much will it cost?"

"Oh, perhaps seventy-five or one hundred dollars, for board and treatment," said the doctor, carelessly.

"Well, sir, if you'll let him stay here till I go home and ask father and mother about it, I guess I'll get the money to pay you," answered Tim.

"Whew! we're getting rich," said the doctor, much amused.

"I'm named Timothy Carlton Clare, for a great-uncle, and in his will he left me one hundred dollars. If mother and father are willing, I'll let you have every cent if you'll only make this poor Henry see as I can."

The doctor was astonished, and ended by sending the little kind-hearted fellow back in his own carriage, and keeping Henry with him for treatment.

Three months afterward, a man knocked at the little school-house door, and asked to see Timothy Carlton Clare. Tim hadn't got out of the entry before Henry's arms were about him, and they were both sobbing together. They drove to Farmer Clare's; and good Mrs. Clare began to feel quite proud of her boy when the doctor told her that he had adopted Henry as his own and intended to make a doctor of him, and that he had come to offer to educate Tim at the same school if he would but come and live with them. "Because," he said, "if the little fellow hadn't begged so hard to see him that day Henry would not now have his sight; for he was just preparing to leave on the train, but stayed to hear their story, and when he found he had such a sturdy little manager he couldn't help but listen to him."

It is needless to say that Tim went with Henry; but I can't stop to tell you how proud Mr. and Mrs. Clare and Emily were when, several years afterward, he put out a sign of "Dr. T. C. Clare" beside that of "Dr. Henry Ward."

He didn't go fishing that lay, nor lose his one hundred dollars; but when they both stood by the sick bed of Ned Guernsey several years afterward, he had to tell them how

many times he had wished he had given up his pleasure for the sweet joy of doing good to another.

"But you were generous, I tell you. You gave that five dollars like a man, and I never shall forget it," answered he who had been blind.

"Yes; but I've learned that money is not all that Christ requires of us. It is more self-denial, and less thinking about one's own labor. In fact, it is *Tim's charity* that tells in the world, and I've tried to profit by it ever since. In fact, I'm not sure but that little incident on that Saturday had more to do with educating me for the ministry than my rich aunt's legacy."

There, children, what do you think of my story of just *one Saturday's work*? You see what *one boy* did, because he was *willing to help another*. It made one good minister who went about doing good, and two generous, whole-souled doctors, that poor and rich loved and respected. But the five dollars of Ned's were untouched, and Tim's one hundred was not called for any more than his skate money was. And it gave the doctor a good son, and the happiness of educating the generous son of another honest man. Wasn't that better than going fishing, even if he could go in a carriage? And it wasn't all money that did it, was it?

WEATHER PROVERBS.

When the glow-worm lights her lamp,
Then the air is always damp.

If the cock goes crowing to bed,
He's sure to rise with a wet head.

When black snails do cross your path,
Then black clouds much moisture bath.

When the peacock loudly bawls,
Soon we'll have both rain and squalls.

When ye see the gossamer flying,
Then be sure the air is drying.

A rosy sunset presages good weather; a ruddy sunrise bad weather.

A bright yellow sky in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow sky in the evening indicates wet.

A neutral gray color at evening is a favorable sign; in the morning an unfavorable one.

Deep, unusual hues in the sky indicate wind or storm. More delicate tints bespeak fair weather.

A rainbow in the morning
Gives the shepherd a warning.

That is, if the wind be easterly; because it shows that the rain-cloud is approaching the observer.

If at sun rising or setting the clouds appear of a lurid red color, extending nearly to the zenith, it is a sign of storms and gales of wind.

If the moon shows like a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon will we tread on deluged ground.

A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight.

That is, provided the wind be westerly, as it shows that the rain-clouds are passing away.

When rooks fly sporting high in air,
It shows that windy storms are near.

The evening red and the next morning gray
Are certain signs of a beautiful day.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S MOTHER.

"Some years ago," said ex-Governor Briggs, "I left Washington three or four weeks in the spring. While at home, I possessed myself of the letters of Mr. Adams' mother, and read them with exceeding interest. I remember an expression in one of the letters addressed to her son while yet a boy

of twelve years of age, in Europe. Said she, —

“‘I would rather see you laid in your grave than you should grow up a profane and graceless boy.’

“After returning to Washington, I went over and said to Mr. Adams, —

“‘I have found out who made you.’

“‘What do you mean?’ said he.

“I replied, —

“‘I have been reading the letters of your mother.’

“If I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his dear mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, or his face glowed more quickly, than did the eye and face of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and emphatically said, —

“‘Yes, Mr. Briggs, all that is good in me I owe to my mother.’

“Oh, what a testimony was that from this venerable man to his mother, who had, in his remembrance, all the stages of his manhood! ‘All that is good in me I owe to my mother!’”

Myrtle.

‘FAR better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word,
And sing His glory wrong.”

Puzzles.

8.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pound, my second in beat;
My third is in lame, my fourth in feet;
My fifth is in house, my sixth in town;
My seventh in wise, my eighth in clown;
My last will be seen in its number, nine;
My whole, on the maps, is ———.

9.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The initials and finals give the names of two Old Testament leaders.

1. A not uncommon, but unwelcome, bore;
2. For gold and shame I sailed to a far shore;
3. I make a first-rate soil when mixed with loam;
4. What all men follow wheresoe'er they roam.

C. T. B.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES.

3. — This has proved too “tough” for even our “oldish” readers. In order to relieve our young readers, we will publish the following letter.

MR. EDITOR, — That “tough morsel” in your February number has been dissolved as follows: —

6 and 5 = X

45 = XLV

First of Letters = L

X + XLV + L = V, 2 L's, 2 X's, of Victuals to excess.

But I have heard of another and more probable solution, as the puzzle is said to have come from the great historian Macaulay. It is this: —

VVVLA (VL being 50 less 5, just as XC is 100 less 10).

Now *Uvula* is the medical word for palate, and is virtually an English word. V and U were the same letter anciently.

Who were the king and the wise man so affected by disease of the palate, or diseased appetite, would still remain to be guessed.

C. T. B.

6. — March Winds.

7. — Dictionary.

THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE.)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

42 CHAUNCEY STREET BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . . 30 cents.
Four copies to one address . . . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.